Then tell me, what doth he vpon the seas?

Dar. Vnlesse for that my Liege I cannot guesse.

Kin. Vnlesse for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot guesse wherefore the Welchmen comes,
Thou wilt reuolt and flye to him I feare.

Dar. No mighty Liege, therefore mistrust me not.

Kin. Where is thy power now to beat them backe?
Where are thy tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now vpon the westerne shore,
Safe conducting the rebels from their ships.

Dar. No my good Lord, my friends are in the North.

Kin. Cold frinds to *Richard*, what do they in the North?
When they should serue their soueraigne in the West.

Dar. They haue not bin commanded mighty soueraigne,
Please it your Maiesty, to giue me leaue,
Ile muster vp my friends, and meet your Grace,
Where and what time your Maiesty shall please?

Kin. I,I, thou wouldst be gon to ioyne with *Richmond*,
I will not trust you sir.

Dar. Most mighty soueraigne,
You haue no cause to hold my friendship doubtfull
I neuer was, nor neuer will be false.

Kin. Well, goe muster thy men; but heare you, leaue be-(hind
Your son *George Stanley*, looke your fayth be firme;
Or else his heads assurance is but fraile.

Dar. So deale with him, as I proue true to you. *Exit.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My gracious soueraigne now in *Deuonshire*,
As I by friends am well aduertised,
Sir *William Courtney*, and the haughty Prelate
Bishop of *Exeter*, his brother there,
With many more confederates are in armes,

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Liege, in Kent the Guilfords are in armes,
And euery houre, more competors
Flocke to their ayd, and still their power encreaseth,

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord the army of the Duke of *Buckingham.*

He strikes him.

King. Out on ye Owles, nothing but songs
Take that vntill you bring me better newes.

Mes. Your grace mistakes, the newes I brin
My newes is, that by sudden flood and fall of
The Duke of *Buckinghams* army is disperst and
And he himselfe fled no man knowes whither.

King. O I cry you mercy I did mistake,
Ratcliffe reward him for the blow I gaue him;
Hath any well aduised friend giuen out,
Rewards for him that brings in *Buckingham*?

Mes. Such Proclamation hath beene made

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. Sir *Thomas Louell*, and Lord Marques
Tis said my Liege are vp in armes.
Yet this good comfort bring I to your grace,
The Brittaine Nauy is disperst, Richmond in
Sent out a boat to aske them one the shore,
If they were his assistants, yea, or no:
Who answered him they came from *Buckingha*
Vpon his party: he mistrusting them,
Hoist saile, and made away for *Brittaine.*

Kin. March on, march on, since we are vp in arme
If not to fight with forraine enemyes,
Yet to bare downe these rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of *Buckingham* is t
Thats the best newes, that the Earle of *Richm*
Is with a mighty power landed at *Milford*,
Is colder newes, yet they must be told.

King. Away towards *Salisbury*, while we
A royall battell might be wonne and lost.
Some one take order *Buckingham* be brough
So *Salisbury*, the rest march on with me.

Enter Darby, Sir Christopher.

Dar. Sir *Christopher*, tell Richmond this from m
That in the stie of this most bloody bore,
My son *George Stanley* is franckt vp in hold,
If I reuolt off goes yong *Georges* head,
The feare of that, with-holds my present aide,